

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 7.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1879.

WHOLE NUMBER 351.

The Holmes Verdict.

Of the Holmes verdict the Somerset Reporter says: To our county must attach the stigma of virtually releasing this murderer upon society. To accomplish this the record of the past has been blurred over; a sickly sentimentalism has been fostered; the insidious whisperings and opinions begotten of jingling gold have been set in motion; witnesses have been suborned; and a line of defense set up, that for sophistry and absurdity would disgrace a set of ten-year-old school boys. We have observed closely and perceived the desperate means resorted to by the defense in this case, and the influence brought to bear in manufacturing public opinion and creating false sentiment, and feel that we should be recreant to our duty if such should escape rebuke.

In these times when peace officers and our best citizens are shot down for any imaginary offense, red-handed murderers stalk our every thoroughfare, and our State has become a scold and hy-nord for crime, the only preventive, as we conceive, lies in public journalism. We do not hesitate to say that we have no sympathy for those men who have outraged society, and to respect for those cunningly devised plans whereby criminals shall be let loose to further prey upon an outraged Commonwealth. Only two years in the Penitentiary!! One year, we suppose for each man shot!

A Congressman Who Can't Sleep.

Some strange stories are told of Hewitt, which would be very amusing if they did not relate to his malady, insomnia, says a Washington letter to the Philadelphia Times. It is probable he sleeps fewer hours than any man in America. He is gradually dying for want of sleep. One year he had quarters near Welcker's, and was driven wild, or imagined he was, by the early crying of a cock. He had complained of it for some time, but the cock crowed all the same. Finally, in a fit of desperation, he told Welcker's colored man, John, that he would be d-d if he could stand it any longer, and he would give \$5 for that rooster's head. John is a thrifty lad of few words. He left the threatening presence at once and sought the owner of the cock. He had no difficulty in buying the fowl for 75 cents, and the wringing of his neck was quick work. He placed the head upon a salver, like John the Baptist's, and presented himself before the Congressman, salver in hand. This made Hewitt laugh, but he paid the \$5. John next sold the dead cock to Mr. Welcker for 50 cents, and cleared \$4.75 for his morning's work.

Daniel Webster had an anecdote of old Father Seal, the good minister of his boyhood, which is too good to be lost. It was customary then to wear luskia breeches in cool weather. One Sunday morning in autumn, Father Seal brought his breeches down from the garret, but the warps had taken possession during the summer, and were having a nice time of it in them. By dint of effort he got out the intruders and dressed for meeting. But while reading the Scripture to the congregation he felt a dagger from one of the small waisted fellows, and jumped around the pulpit slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped and danced the more they stung. The people thought him crazy, but he explained the matter by saying: "Brethren, don't be alarmed; the word of the Lord is in my mouth; but the devil is in my breeches!" Webster always told it with great glee to the ministers.

David Byron has a little four-year-old son who, since he has been able to prattle, has been taught by his mother to say his prayers each night before retiring. A few weeks ago, when Mr. Byron was at home, after the little fellow was put to bed his father asked him to pray. "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." Here the little one stopped. "Go on," said his father. "Well, give a fellow time to swallow his spit," said the young man.

Did you ever notice the poor chap that stands in the first picture of the almanac with the fish, and sheep, and scorpions, and bulls and twigs, etc., around him? Did you ever notice that he was naked and had nothing in his stomach? Well, that poor fellow used to edit a country paper and take his pay out in "I'll pay my subscription next week."

Do you know that it costs as much to keep a dog as it does to feed a dozen hens, and that you can get enough eggs from the hens to keep a small family, besides raising a good many chickens? Try it once, and you will be satisfied that a dog is poor property as compared to a healthy hen. Dogs, beware!

What's One Bullet to a Basketful?

An incident occurred in the battle of Franklin which I have never seen in print. That sanguinary battle was at its height, and now and then there was a soldier who would not face the music, and hobnob to the idea that "distance lends enchantment," on all such occasions would exhibit his faith in the idea by taking "leg-bail" for the rear. These cases were getting too numerous toward the close of the battle, and Col. B., A. A. G. of one brigade, was sent back to the rear to intercept these seekers for safety and return them to their respective posts of duty. Col. B. said he hailed one fellow who was making tracks for safety with the energy of despair:

"Halt! I say, and return to your command!"

The flying son of Mars took no notice of the command.

"Halt! I say, and go back to your post!"

The soldier paid no attention to him, and the Colonel now became exasperated and yelled out:

"If you don't turn and go back to your command, I'll shoot you, sir!"

Without pausing in his flight, the soldier yelled back to him—

"Shoot and be d-d! What's one bullet to a basketful?"

Col. B. let him go, and after the battle told the incident as a good joke.

Thought It Was a Sandwich.

Just after the close of the war a public meeting of the citizens of Concord, N. H., was called to decide upon a proper reception of the returning veterans. A sub-committee on collation was appointed, the chairman being the then Mayor of the city, a gentleman more widely known for the excellence of the mackerel kits manufactured by him than for the extent of his book learning. Upon the question as to what should constitute the menu at the collation, the Mayor named sardines among other things. A heated debate arose, during which a member of the committee mildly suggested that perhaps his Honor did not know what sardines were! This called Mayor H. to his feet, and he angrily retorted: "I think I know what a sardine is as well as any member of this committee; it is two pieces of bread and a piece of meat!" It is unnecessary to add that the house came down.

THE TURNER WEAPON LAW.—The worst law, in many respects, on the Statute Books is the Turner weapon law, passed by the last Legislature. It arms the desperado and disarms the respectable citizen. A man who carries his pistol (and there are thousands in Kentucky who do so) is always ready to shoot, while the honest citizen, who out of respect for the law never wears a weapon, is defenseless before the rowdy. There is no terror in the law to draw the pistol from the hip-pocket of a bad character, but it does forbid a good citizen to arm himself when threatened. We ought to have an anti-weapon law, but one which will give honest men a chance to meet villains, and to save his life when threatened.—Lexington (Ky.) Transcript.

"Stranger, where might you be from?" "Madam, I reside in Shelby county, Ky." "Well, stranger, hope do no offense, but what might you be doing way up here?" "Madam, I'm searching for the lost sheep of the house of Israel." "John, John!" shouted the old lady, "come right here this minute; here's a stranger all the way from Shelby county, Ky., a hunting stock, and I'll bet bet my life that that tangled-haired old black ram that's been in our lot last week is one of his!"—[Ex.]

The Sunday law just made by the North Carolina Legislature prohibits the loading of freight and the running of trains on that day between sunrise and sundown. A State that has damned itself by scaling its honest debts can not secure salvation by prohibiting trains from running on Sunday. The Infernal Regions are crammed with such morality as that.

The Knoxville Tribune is authority for the following: Putnam county has the champion moonbaker. He is a boy ten years old. He used to keep for tubs, an old coffee-pot for a still, and an elder-stalk for a worm. A good average for this miniature moonshine establishment was four gallons per week.

TO DETERMINE THE SEX OF EGGS.—If male chicks are wanted carry the eggs to the nest to set in an old hat, but if you want pullets they must be carried in an old sun bonnet or straw scoop. No charge for the advice.

General Hancock, a Democratic candidate for President, is said to be worth \$2,000,000.

One's Mother.

Around the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our willfulness may lead us from the object of our filial love; we may become wild, headstrong and angry at her counsels or opposition, but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower bent to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amidst her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our life forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN BANKING.—The London News reports that the Bank of France has for some time past employed a photographic detective to examine suspicious documents; and more recently has placed an invisible studio in a gallery behind the cashiers. Hidden behind some heavy curtain the camera stands ready for work; and at a signal from any of the cashiers the photographer secures the likeness of any suspected customer. It is also reported that in the principal banking establishment in Paris, several frauds have lately been detected by the camera, which under some circumstances exercises a sharper vision than the human eye. Where an erasure has been made, for instance, the camera detects it at once, let the spot be ever so smoothly rubbed over, while a word or figure, that to the eye has been perfectly scratched out, is clearly reproduced in a photograph of the document.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.—A man died near Baltimore recently who wished no funeral honors should be paid him, and in his will made a special request of that nature. He wished a plain shroud; no flowers; "no mock display; no services in a church; no mark where he was buried, unless some child or children should be moved to place one there; no mourning garments for his family, as he was "persuaded this had become a solemn mockery," and no eulogies over his remains. "If there was one trait in my character," he said, "worthy of imitation, then imitate it, and with the last look bury my imperfections and infirmities with my remains." These requests he directed to have read at his funeral. It is said that the leading traits of the man's character were honesty and truthfulness.

PHOTOGRAPHS AT MIDNIGHT.—We have before us a photograph of the spooling room of the Williamite Linen Company's Thread Works, which was taken at midnight. The room is lighted by two Brush electric lamps, which replace sixty-two five-foot gas burners. The photograph indicates that every nook and corner is well lighted.—[Scientific American.]

An article in the New York Tribune places the population of the United States at 47,568,000, and the Territories at 662,000—a total population of 48,035,000. The population of the Eastern and Middle States is set down at 14,303,000; of the Western and Pacific States at 16,270,000, and of the former slave States at 16,800,000.

It may be worthy of remark that while we have in our language an expressive term for fatherly affection, for motherly and for brotherly, there is no single word to be applied for the sister. We have paternal love, maternal love, fraternal love—let us call the undying devotion of a sister, eternal love.

Mr. Ragdale, Treasurer of Jefferson county, Ind., broke his engagement with a poor girl to marry a rich widow, and the jury compelled him to pay \$9,000 damages. "Well," he said, as he handed over the money, "I'm still about \$20,000 ahead by the change."

If the Kansas fever among the negroes isn't stopped soon there will not be enough Republicans left in Kentucky to hold a constitutional convention. Any doctor who shall cure that fever will get the Republican nomination next time.—[E. G. L.]

The following sublime paragraph is from one of the latest fashionable novels: "With one hand he held her beautiful head above the waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

Republican State Ticket.

The Republican State Convention has named the following lambs to be slaughtered on the first Monday in August next:

For Governor—Walter Evans, of Louisville.

Lieut. Governor—O. S. Deming, of Robertson county.

Attorney General—W. O. Bradley, of Garrard county.

Register of Land Office—Mat. O. Doherty, of Louisville.

Superintendent of Public Instruction—Malcolm McIntyre, of Ohio county.

Treasurer—Richard Stoll, of Fayette.

Auditor—John A. Williamson, of Campbell county.

THE OLDEST AND COLDEST TOWN IN THE WORLD.—According to Humboldt the oldest town in the world is Jakutsk, 5,000 inhabitants, in Eastern Siberia. It is not only the oldest, but probably also, the coldest. The ground remains always frozen to the depth of 300 feet, except in midsummer, when it thaws three feet at the surface. The mean temperature for the year is 13.7° F. For ten days in August, the thermometer goes as high as 85°. From November to February, the temperature remains between 42° and 68° below zero. The river Lena remains frozen for nine months in the year.

"Well, my lad, where are you traveling this stormy weather, all alone?" asked an inquisitive landlord, of a small lad, whose father was engaged in smuggling, and had sent him, young as he was, on an important message, in advance of the party. "Going to draw my pension," was the reply. "Pension?" echoed the astonished landlord; "what do you mean, my lad, as you draw a pension for?" "Minding my own business, and letting that of others alone!"

The wife of a printer in New Haven, has applied for a divorce, on the ground that her husband has no style about him; he wouldn't brace up, had no dash, cut no figure, had no point, lived up to no rule, was a bad form, and make-up, wasn't a man of letters or up to the period, was a poor type of genius, was out of quoin, and couldn't impose on her any longer.

A gentleman recently about to pay his doctor's bill, said: "Well, Doctor, as my little boy gave the measles to all my neighbors' children, and as they were attended by you, I think you can afford at the very least, to deduct ten per centum from the amt. of my bill for the increase of business we gave you."

Col. South now has over one thousand and thirty boarders. They eat more than eight hundred pounds of meat every day, with bread and vegetables in proportion. He received on Thursday, over 20,000 pounds of bacon, which will be less than a month's rations.—[Yeoman.]

Boston precocity: Jack (aged ten years or under)—"I trust, Tommy, that you believe in the non-essentiality of a pre-existent first cause." Tommy—"Oh, certainly." At least I go further back than the primordial atomic globule. Exeunt, driving their hoops.—[Harvard Lampoon.]

As spirituous liquors will injure men, so opium or morphia will harmfully affect the baby. Dr. Bull's Syrup is the remedy for the baby. It is free from opium. Price 25 cents.

The price of tooth brushes has been reduced. This statement is made in the hope that it may induce an increased demand and give impetus to a too much neglected pursuit.

"Paper, sir?" asked the newboy. "No, I never read," was the blunt answer. "Hi, boys, come here," called out the gamin, "here's a man as is practisin for the jury!"

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and a happy purchase.

Ashes make splendid manure for potatoes, and every particle made on the farm should be saved for this purpose.

Why is a merchant who does a strictly cash business never at rest? Because his work is never done.

A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

When American meets American, then comes the discussion on politics.

The elephant is a cautious animal. He never loses sight of his trunk.

We can never bridge the Styx with the span of life.

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CANDIDATES.

FAYETTE HEWITT,

Of Hardin Co., is a Candidate for the Democratic nomination as AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS August Election, 1879.

D. HOWARD SMITH,

Of Green County, is a Candidate for re-election as STATE ATTORNEY, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Election in 1879.

PROF. JOS. DESHA PICKETT

Of Fayette County, is a Candidate for the office of SUPERVISOR OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, subject to the action of the Democratic State Convention, in 1879.

DR. H. A. M. HENDERSON,

Of Benton Co., is a candidate for re-election to the office of PUBLIC INSTRUCTOR, subject to the action of the Democratic State Convention.

EZRA S. GOOCH

is a candidate to represent the county of Lincoln in the next LEGISLATURE, subject to the action of the Democracy. Election first Monday in August.

PROFESSIONAL.

W. H. MILLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

STANFORD, KY.

Will practice in the courts of this and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Office in the Court House.

J. S. & R. W. HOCKER,

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Office over McAllister & Lytle's Store.

S. R. MYERS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

STANFORD, KY.

Office with Judge Phillips in the Court House Square.

T. W. & W. E. VARNON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

STANFORD, KY.

Office in Court Square.

SAM. M. BURDETTE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

STANFORD, KY.

Will practice his profession in Buchanan and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections.

L. E. HUFFMAN,

SURGEON DENTIST,